

"TO HOLD A HEART"

A FILM BY MICHAEL WALLIN

"TO HOLD A HEART beautifully presents a story that is familiar but is told so delicately that it comes alive in a very personal, fresh way. Quite an accomplishment."

--Bo Smith, Curator: Film/Video, Boston Museum of Fine Art

"TO HOLD A HEART is told with quiet wit and is alert to all aspects of a familiar longing. It is quite lovely to look at, unfolding at a pace that is buoyantly consoling. A beautiful work..."

--Carl Bogner, University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee & Curator: Milwaukee LGBT Film Festival

Screenings: MIX: Queer Experimental Media Festival, New York (April '05)
Boston Gay/Lesbian & Transgender Film Festival (May '05)
San Francisco International GLBT Film Festival (June '05)
Philadelphia International Gay & Lesbian Film Festival (July '05)
Reel Pride Gay & Lesbian Film Festival, Fresno, CA (Sept. '05)
Cardiff Screen Festival, Cardiff, Wales (Oct. '05)
Mill Valley Film Festival, Mill Valley, CA (Oct. '05)
Milwaukee Lesbian & Gay Film/Video Festival, WI (Oct. '05)
Film Arts Festival, San Francisco, CA (Nov. '05)
Santa Barbara Gay & Lesbian Film Festival, CA (Nov. '05)
Sydney Mardi Gras Film Festival, Australia (Feb. '06)
Athens International Film & Video Festival, OH (April '06)
MIX Mexico: 10th Film/Video Festival, Mexico City (May '06)
Inside Out Toronto Lesbian & Gay Film/Video Festival (May '06)
NewFest: New York Gay, Lesbian, Bi, Trans Film Festival (June '06)
Palm Springs International Festival of Short Films, CA (Aug. '06)
1.PORNFILMFESTIVALBERLIN, Berlin, Germany (Oct. '06)
(one man show with BLACK SHEEP BOY and THE PLACE BETWEEN OUR BODIES)
Reeling: The 25th Chicago Lesbian & Gay International Film Festival (Nov. '06) (with THE PLACE BETWEEN OUR BODIES)
University of California, Film Dept., Berkeley, CA (Oct. '06)
(with THE PLACE BETWEEN OUR BODIES)
6th Queer City Cinema Lesbian & Gay Film/Video Festival, Regina, SK, Canada (Nov. '06)

Synopsis: TO HOLD A HEART
(2005, 13 minutes, color/sound)

Two men, separated by decades in age and thousands of miles in home and culture, find each other in a not-so-chance encounter at the gym. At a glacial pace, an intense bond of intimacy and trust develops...Can this be love? Sex, if it happens at all, may just be icing on the cake...Touch, physical contact, affection...To feel alive, to feel engaged, to feel understood... (MW)

WRITTEN, DIRECTED & FILMED BY MICHAEL WALLIN

editor

NATHANIEL DORSKY

music

MICHAEL KAULKIN

sound recording

PATRICK BOWSHER

spoken quote

ROLAND BARTHES from "A LOVER'S DISCOURSE"

online conforming editor

SKIP SWEENEY

thanks

ELLEN GAINE

NGUYEN TAN HOANG

JAKE McDONALD

THOM GUNN

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BUCK at VIDEO TRANSFER

funding

SAN FRANCISCO ARTS COMMISSION

CALIFORNIA ARTS COUNCIL

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for BRUCE BAILLIE

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Taro Masushio is a photographer, photography student and photography mentor to students at the college he attends.

Nathaniel Dorsky is a highly respected experimental filmmaker and film/video editor and consultant for independent documentaries, features and shorts. He is the author of "Devotional Cinema".

Composer Michael Kaulkin has written numerous works for orchestra, chorus, stage and film. Recent projects include the score for the 2004 independent film "Shakespeare's Merchant".

Skip Sweeney is a media artist and film/video editor who works with Video Free America.

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Michael Kaulkin is a composer and musician, and recently completed the score for a modern adaptation of "The Merchant of Venice".

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"What is proposed, then, is a portrait—but not a psychological portrait; instead, a structural one which offers the reader [the viewer] a discursive site: the site of someone speaking within himself, amorously, confronting the other (the loved object), who does not speak."

I first met him at a not-so-chance encounter at the gym. I saw him from the back, short with long black hair, signing in. I knew right away there was something intriguing about this young man, but that I would probably never see him again. But when I was swimming I noticed him, two lanes away in baggy red trunks. I took a break when he did, moved a lane over, and took the risk of starting a conversation. He seemed receptive. He was Japanese and studying photography here in San Francisco. I told him I was a filmmaker. I asked if he wanted to get together to talk some time and he said sure, which surprised me. He told me to email him, making sure I knew what the "underscore" in his address meant, somehow letting me know that his interest was sincere. I repeated it like a mantra for the rest of my swim.

We emailed back and forth intermittantly for a few weeks and arranged to meet at a gallery opening. I waited but he never showed up. I tried to put a positive spin on it, miscommunication, crossed signals, but the disappointment was palpable. However, I was not about to give up: we made an arrangement to check out a museum and have dinner. This time he arrived, late, but there he was. I was elated and my heart was pounding.

More get-togethers ensued, yet there was so little I knew about him. What I did know, already, was that being in his presence felt very good. It was a feeling I couldn't yet define, but I knew I wanted more, that he and this was special. We began to share more about each other and our lives, I more forthcoming, but still holding back, not wanting to alienate him or push things. I longed to touch him, but couldn't, except for the perfunctory squeeze of the knee or goodbye hug.

When I found out that he was gay, my heart leapt. I began to take more chances with physical affection, tentatively, yet he seemed stiff and awkward. I knew he was young and hoped against all hope that he was older, so I didn't ask. When it slipped out in a conversation, my first thought was: oh shit, this is ridiculous...then: why does he want to hang out with me? Yet our encounters continued, becoming ever-so-slightly more frequent.

This was a quirky young man. He loved to wear hats, and each time I saw him he sported a different one. I noticed his hands: his thumbs and thumbnails were differently shaped: one was narrower, more slender ("like my father", he said); the other wider, broader

("like my mother", he said). I told him I liked his mother's. He began to show me some of his work, personal yet mysterious photos that concealed more than they revealed.

Once, he alluded to a dark event in his past and told me when the time was right he would reveal it. I wondered what this could be, creating fantasies that made him all the more intriguing. I made dinners for him, showed him some of my films and began to be bolder with him physically: caressing, holding, quick pecks on the cheek, but nothing sexual. I just couldn't figure out if he wanted this. Eating out one night, we discussed the matter. He told me one of the reasons he liked me was that "I wasn't all about sex". I asked if I could be a little about sex and he replied (in his youthful wisdom): "Sex changes everything."

So that's how it started....At a glacial pace, an intense bond of trust and intimacy developed between us. My feelings continued to grow stronger and my desire to be with him more intense. At a certain point, many months into the relationship (or whatever this connection could be called), he softened and became more and more receptive to my gestures of affection. Holding him, hugging him, just being in any kind of physical contact, was ecstasy. Yet he remained elusive. One time he remarked: "The older person wants the younger one; the younger person needs the older one." I wondered what he meant. I told him I needed him. But...was this real? Was I making this up?

I knew that I had gained his trust one night, when, after a long walk on the beach, we sat together in front of a roaring fire. He revealed the secret he had alluded to when I had first met him. What he told me left me both relieved and moved, so much so that I nearly started to cry. I wanted to help him, to make it all better, but I knew that I couldn't. What I did know was that, in a very powerful way, I felt closer to him than ever.

Finally, I realized what I was experiencing with this young man: I had fallen in love. But I couldn't tell him, fearing this would scare him, induce in him some sense of responsibility, and that he would pull away. What, I asked myself, is going on here? Separated by decades in age, and thousands of miles in home and culture, I had come upon some sort of soulmate. To feel engaged, to feel entirely present, to feel understood, to feel alive. This was enough. Sex, if it happened at all, would just be icing on the cake. Yet of course I wanted it. He would tell me repeatedly: "You're so patient and respectful." "Yes, I am", I would say back. Well, because it was worth it.

Ten months after meeting him and after not seeing him for almost a month (I having gone to New York for a vacation, he being his usual terminally busy student self), we got together at my place. I was so excited to see him that somehow my passion got the best of me: I told him that I had fallen in love with him. My patience and respect went out the window. I pressed, he resisted, I pressed some more, he still resisted. Finally, I got what I wanted, sort of. He was very passive (but very aroused) and I was in an altered state. Excitement, wonder and delighted surprise, but mixed with worry and misgivings: had I gone too far, was this not at all what he wanted, would this mean the end. At a certain point (and it seemed like an eternity), he said: "We need to talk". So, again patient and respectful, I stopped. We took a shower together (I had longed to see him naked) and

both said we were scared. I because I had pushed the sex too hard and he would pull away; he because I was not getting what I wanted and wouldn't want to see him. But mostly, he said, he was scared because of the change this would somehow bring to our relationship. An incredibly tense, and intense, moment dissolved into desperate hugging and holding. Neither of us wanted to lose what we had. Where this was going I had no idea, but at that point, holding him tight in my arms, I didn't care. We were together.

Still, something had clearly changed. Maybe it was the intensity of what had happened. We both seemed to become more tentative with each other. Time passed, days, weeks, with little or no contact. I could sense a kind of melancholy, if not loss. One day, I don't know how long after, I was swimming at the gym. I caught a glimpse of a figure moving slowly, silently in the other direction. The baggy red trunks were unmistakable. We spoke briefly, casually, but it was as if we'd just met. He said he'd call me.

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Opening monologue by Roland Barthes from "A Lover's Discourse"

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A Film by Michael Wallin

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Ten months after meeting him and after not seeing him for almost a month (I having gone to New York for a vacation, he being his usual terminally busy student self), we got together at my place. I was so excited to see him that somehow my passion got the best of me: I told him that I had fallen in love with him. My patience and respect went out the window. I pressed, he resisted, I pressed some more, he still resisted. Finally, I got what I wanted, sort of: he was very passive (but very aroused) and I was in an altered state. Excitement, wonder and delighted surprise, but mixed with worry and misgivings: had I gone too far, was this not at all what he wanted, will this mean the end. At a certain point (and it seemed like an eternity), he said: "We need to talk". So, again patient and respectful, I stopped. We took a shower together (I had longed to see him naked) and both said we were scared. I because I had pushed the sex too hard and he would pull away; he because I was not getting what I wanted and wouldn't want to see him. But mostly, he said, he was scared because of the change this would somehow bring to our relationship. An incredibly tense, and intense, moment dissolved into desperate hugging and holding. Neither of us wanted to lose what we had. Where this was going I had no idea, but at that point, holding him tight in my arms, I didn't care. We were together.

TITLES & CREDITS: TO HOLD A HEART

Titles:

TO HOLD A HEART

(TO HOLD curved over heart-in-hand logo; A HEART curved under logo)

A FILM BY MICHAEL WALLIN

Credits:

WRITTEN, DIRECTED & FILMED BY MICHAEL WALLIN

editor

NATHANIEL DORSKY

music

MICHAEL KAULKIN

sound recording

PATRICK BOWSHER

spoken quote

ROLAND BARTHES from A LOVER'S DISCOURSE

online conforming (editor?)

SKIP SWEENEY

thanks

ELLEN GAINE

NGUYEN TAN HOANG

JAKE McDONALD

THOM GUNN

YMCA of SAN FRANCISCO

BUCK at VIDEO TRANSFER

funding

SAN FRANCISCO ARTS COMMISSION

CALIFORNIA ARTS COUNCIL

FILM ARTS FOUNDATION

special thanks to NATHANIEL DORSKY for his wit & wisdom

for BRUCE BAILLIE

copyright (symbol) 2005 by Michael Wallin (under To Hold A Heart hand logo)

TO HOLD A HEART (as in opening titles surrounding logo)

TITLES & CREDITS: TO HOLD A HEART

Titles:

TO HOLD A HEART

(TO HOLD curved over heart-in-hand logo; A HEART curved under logo)

^{Film}
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(editor?)

thanks

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^{NGUYEN}
^{TAN}
*ADD HOANG

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for BRUCE BAILLIE

copyright (symbol) 2005 by Michael Wallin

(UNDER



TO HOLD A HEART (as in opening titles surrounding logo)

"To Hold a Heart"

Music cues:

about 1) Main title: logo, title, credit (3 cards)
15 sec

1 min
14 sec
7 fr.
2) { From last line in swimming pool
↓ (come in under the line: "I repeated it like a
montage for the rest of my swim")
TO cut to "waterfall"

1 min
35 sec
23 fr.
3) { FROM ^{standing in front of waterfall last shot} end of Boy sitting by lilly pad ~~"fountain"~~ pool
↓
TO - cut to Ocean

3 min
1 sec 23 fr.
4) { FROM - walking away in YMCA locker room
↓
TO last image of film (walking away by beach highway)
OR TO - cut to - 1st shot of ocean
(shorter)
(Maybe better) - let wind & surf
sound carry the coda
U.O. to be added ↑

TO HOLD A HEART

ADDENDUM:

1/ "the older person wants the younger one; the younger person needs the older one." I told him that I needed him.

2/ but mostly he was scared that this would somehow change our relationship.

3/ Was this real? Was I making this up? Was this some sort of giant, dangerous projection?

QUOTES:

"As you began
You'll end the year with me.
We'll hug each other when we can,
Work or stray while we must.
Nothing is, or ever will be,
Mine, I suppose. No one can hold a heart,
But what we hold in trust
We do hold, even apart."

--from "In Trust", by Thom Gunn

TARO
READS
THIS

"What is proposed then, is a portrait—but not a psychological portrait; instead a structural one which offers the reader [viewer] a discursive site: the site of someone speaking within himself, *amourosly*, confronting the other (the loved object), who does not speak."

"The gesture of the amouros embrace seems to fulfill, for a time, the subject's dream of total union with the loved being."

"Besides intercourse....there is that other embrace, which is a motionless cradling: we are enchanted, bewitched: we are in the realm of sleep, without sleeping; we are in the voluptuous infantilism of *sleepiness*: this is the moment for telling stories...everything is suspended: time, law, prohibition: nothing is exhausted, nothing is wanted: all desires are abolished, for they seem definitively fulfilled."

--from "A Lover's Discourse", by Roland Barthes

Friday night....

Hi Taro—

A poet I like died recently. This is a passage from one of his poems. I thought of you, and me, and us....

**As you began
You'll end the year with me.
We'll hug each other while we can.
Work or stray while we must.
Nothing is, or ever will be,
Mine, I suppose. No one can hold a heart.
But what we hold in trust
We do hold, even apart.**

--Thom Gunn

love,
Michael

p.s. thanks for taking a shower with me (!); it was sweet & intimate & I discovered a few of your interesting quirks (!)...

p.p.s I wouldn't want to ever do anything that would jeopardize (know this word?) our freindship/relationship, which is very special to me...

p.p.p.s. can't wait to see your self-portrait art book (hopefully soon!)

Wednesday night...

Dear Taro,

Thanks for a wonderful night! It's really great just to hang out with you and talk without some sort of deadline. It was fun at the restaurant just being able to stay as long as we wanted to (and nice to have you drink a mojito with me and get a little "emotional"). I think I said these things to you last night, but just wanted to tell you again. Oh, and the other thing...Being at my office together late into the night and early morning...I'm sure I've said this before too, but being being physically affectionate, being able to hold and hug you and be in physical contact, that feels so good. As we continue to talk (!), and I guess there's more to be revealed next time. Anyway, you make me really happy, just being with you, that's all!

A singer/songwriter I really like, Emmylou Harris, has a line in one of her new songs, and I thought of you: "And it's a miracle....How one soul finds another..."

love,
Michael

p.s. My friend Ellen arrived today from L.A. and her Japanese husband, Skip, is coming in on Saturday. I was wondering if you might be free, just for a couple of hours, to have dinner Saturday night...Let me know (maybe you already heard this in a phone message)...

Taro—

p.s. I discovered our horoscopes from last Sunday's paper (which often seem accurate), and I thought of our personal, intense talk Monday night, so here goes:

Me (Pisces): "The sun and Mars turn up the heat in your fun house at the same time Saturn demands that you get real. A discussion that makes you and your love hot under the collar may be necessary for a loving relationship. Some might just consider that foreplay. Others will run like mad."

You (Capricorn): "Heavy-hitting planets line up in your one-on-one house. It could mean love and marriage but there are many kinds of partnerships. Think about what one-on-one really means because it's a major thread in your life now and in months to come. We're talking contracts and responsibility."

Interesting, huh? Not to be taken too seriously, I guess, because it's all in the eye/mind of the reader....

Michael

Source Reels for scenes

"TO HOLD A HEART"

- 1) Opening Titles are TEMP - will recreate on computer
- 2) CU. Boy talking in sync Full audio Reel #2
(1st camera reel)
- 3) Locker room - gets undressed Audio sync ambience full Reel #2
(2nd camera reel)
(bell in when necessary)
(starting under CU sync box)
with 1st long shot in locker
- 4) Shower Reel #3
Audio in sync or good
cont. piece of show sound full
- 5) Pool Reel #3
Audio - bell in with
ambience from section
about 0:07:02 → 0:07:15
(behind V.O.)

6) Locker room dry off

Reel #3

audio fill in ambience
(behind V.O.)

(Music cue will begin in last shot pool
and continue to cut to waterfall)

7) Stony beach

Reel #1

audio: ocean ambience fill
in (behind V.O.)

(Music still playing) - Stops at cut!

8) Water Fall (Yerbera Buena Garden)

Reel #2

(2nd camera roll)

audio - fill in waterfall sound
(behind V.O.) (no music)

9) Hats - CU boy

Reel #2
(1st camera roll)

audio - 1 piece in sync partially

Music + V.O. will ~~not~~ carry scene

10) Cu still thumbs (1 shot)

Reel #4

Music + VO carry scene

(no ambience needed - or cont. hat fake ambience if you do any - BUT NOT NECESSARY unless sync line sticks out too much)

11) Photo Album insert

Reel #2

(1st camera roll)

Music + VO carry scene

(put in some ambience if available)

12) CU'S sitting in chair (black T-shirt)

Reel #2

(1st camera roll)

Music + VO. carry scene

(put in some ambience if available)

13) Montage of boy in Yerba Buena Gardens

Reel #2

(2nd camera roll)

Music + VO. carry scene

(some ambience if available)

Music ends:

14) Ocean cut away

Reel #4

Full audio ocean

(Maybe use ambience from following montage)

(A.M. music)

15) Beach Montage

Reel #2
(1st camera roll)

Full ambience
behind V.O. (no music)

16) Fire place + boy montage

Reel #5

Use audio from 02:05 section or any CU of fire w/ ^{great} crackles
Play full behind V.O. (no music)

17) Locker room walk + MIRROR

Reel #2

(2nd camera roll)

ambience

Music starts + V.O. carry scene

18) Steam room

Reel #3

fill in ambience

Music + V.O. will carry scene

19) Boy paging through book

Reel #2
(1st camera roll)

fill in ambience if you can

Music + V.O. will carry scene

20) CU boy lying on his hand

Reel #2
1st camera roll

some ambience throughout
next montage until cut to ocean, but
Music + VO will carry scene

21) CU boy blinking

Reel #1

same audio MUSIC + VO

22) wide shot boy on couch

Reel #1

same audio MUSIC + VO

23) Boy undressing montage
and gets in bed

Reel 4

same audio MUSIC + U.O.

24) CU Boy in front of shower curtain

Reel 4

MUSIC + U.O.

25) Boy in bed montage & CUS

Reel 4

MUSIC + U.O.

L6

26) Beach scene est. shot

Reel ~~4~~ 4
(~~1st camera roll~~)

Ambience of beach throughout
till of film

MUSIC + VO. will carry scene

27) foam + water inserts
+
boy walks away

Reel ~~2~~ 2
(1st camera roll)

MUSIC + VO. will carry scene

28) Credits with Music

Computer sound

V.O. Audio #3

" TO HOLD A HEART "

1) V.O. Tape #2 (YMCA shower + pool)

I first met him at a not-so-chance encounter at the gym. I saw him from the back, short with long black hair, signing in. I knew right away there was something intriguing about this young man, but that I would probably never see him again. But when I was swimming I noticed him, two lanes away in baggy red trunks. I took a break when he did, moved a lane over, and took the risk of starting a conversation. He seemed receptive. He was Japanese and studying photography here in San Francisco. I told him I was a filmmaker. I asked if he wanted to get together to talk some time and he said sure, which surprised me. He told me to email him, making sure I knew what the "underscore" in his address meant, somehow letting me know that his interest was sincere. I repeated it like a mantra for the rest of my swim.

in 01121229
out 0112520

cut
in 011305
out 0113162

2) V.O. tape #1 (poolside + locker room)

We emailed back and forth intermittantly for a few weeks and arranged to meet at a gallery opening. I waited but he never showed up. I tried to put a positive spin on it, miscommunication, crossed signals, but the disappointment was palpable. However, I was not about to give up: we made an arrangement to check out a museum and have dinner. This time he arrived, late, but there he was. I was elated and my heart was pounding.

in 01092509
out 01095215

3) V.O. tape #1 (rocky beach)

More get-togethers ensued, yet there was so little I knew about him ~~(remove)~~

What I did know, already, was that being in his presence felt very good. It was a

in 01095317
out 01095718

in 01095918
out 01100223

in 01100325
out 01102507

in 01013621
out 01013721

(2)

feeling I couldn't yet define, but I knew I wanted more, that he and this was special. We began to share more about each other and our lives, I more forthcoming, but still holding back, not wanting to alienate him or push things. I longed to touch him, but couldn't, except for the perfunctory squeeze of the knee or goodbye hug.

4 VO. tape #1 (Yerba Buena Waterfall)

When I found out that he was gay, my heart leapt. I began to take more chances with physical affection, tentatively, yet he seemed stiff and awkward. I knew he was young and hoped against all hope that he was older, so I didn't ask. When it slipped out in a conversation, my first thought was: oh shit, this is ridiculous...then: why does he want to hang out with me? Yet our encounters continued, becoming ever-so-slightly more frequent.

cont.

(putting on hats)

This was a quirky young man. He loved to wear hats, and each time I saw him he sported a different one. I noticed his hands: his thumbs and thumbnails were differently shaped: one was narrower, more slender ("like my father", he said); the other wider, broader ("like my mother", he said): I told him I liked his mother's. He began to show me some of his work, personal yet mysterious photos that concealed more than they revealed.

cont.

Once, he alluded to a dark event in his past and told me when the time was right he would reveal it. I wondered what this could be, creating fantasies that made him all the more intriguing. I made dinners for him. I showed him some of my films and began to be bolder with him physically: caressing, holding, quick pecks on the cheek, but nothing sexual. I just couldn't figure out if he wanted this. Eating out one night, we discussed the matter.

in 01 02 01 00
out 01 02 10 21

in 01 10 42 13
out 01 11 15 02

in 01 11 32 25
out 01 12 00 27

in 01 03 14 02
out 01 03 15 27

in 01 12 02 06
out 01 12 15 12

[He told me one of the reasons he liked me was that "I wasn't all about sex" I asked if I could be a little about sex and he replied (in his youthful wisdom): "Sex changes everything."

cont. (Beach)

So that's how it started....At a glacial pace, an intense bond of trust and intimacy developed between us. My feelings continued to grow stronger and my desire to be with him more intense. At a certain point, many months into the relationship (or whatever this connection could be called), he softened and became more and more receptive to my gestures of affection. Holding him, hugging him, just being in any kind of physical contact, was ecstasy. Yet he remained elusive. One time he remarked: "The older person wants the younger one; the younger person needs the older one." I wondered what he meant. I told him I needed him. (But...was this real? Was I making this up?)

(May take out)

5) V.O. tape #1 (Fireside)

I knew that I had gained his trust one night, when, after a long walk on the beach, we sat together in front of a roaring fire. He revealed the secret he had alluded to when I had first met him. What he told me left me both relieved and moved, so much so that I nearly started to cry. I wanted to help him, to make it all better but I knew that I couldn't. What I did know is that, in a very powerful way, I felt closer to him than ever.

6) V.O. tape #1 (Fireside cont.)

Finally, I realized what I was experiencing with this young man: I had fallen in love. But I couldn't tell him, fearing this would scare him, induce in him some sense of responsibility, and that he would pull away. What, I asked myself, is going on here?

in
01122012
out
01124220

in
01124902
out
01134226

in
0113462
out
01140621

in
01050113
out
01050923

in
01141511
out
01143121

[Separated by decades in age, and thousands of miles in home and culture I had come upon some sort of soulmate I To feel engaged, to feel entirely present, to feel understood, to feel alive. This was enough. Sex, if it happened at all, would just be icing on the cake I

I Yet of course I wanted it. He would tell me repeatedly: "You're so patient and respectful." "Yes, I am", I would say back. Well, because it was worth it I

→ V.O. Tape #1 Steam Room/Apt.

E Ten months after meeting him and after not seeing him for almost a month (I having gone to New York for a vacation, he being his usual terminally busy student self), we got

together at my place. I was so excited to see him that somehow my passion got the best of

I I told him that I had fallen in love with him. I My patience and respect went out the window. I pressed, he resisted, I pressed some more, he still resisted. Finally, I got what I wanted, sort of: he was very passive (but very aroused) and I was in an altered state.

Excitement, wonder and delighted surprise, but mixed with worry and misgivings: had I gone too far, was this not at all what he wanted, will this mean the end. At a certain point (and it seemed like an eternity), he said: "We need to talk". So, again patient and

respectful, I stopped. We took a shower together (I had longed to see him naked) and both said we were scared. I because I had pushed the sex too hard and he would pull

I he because I was not getting what I wanted and wouldn't want to see him. But mostly, he said, he was scared because of the change this would somehow bring to our relationship. An incredibly tense, and intense, moment dissolved into desperate hugging and holding. Neither of us wanted to lose what we had. Where this was going I had no idea, but at that point, holding him tight in my arms, I didn't care. We were together.]

① in
01 18 07 15
out 01 18 23 15

② { 01 16 36 18
01 16 39 11

③ { 01 15 26 22
01 16 13 00

④ in 01 19 14 23
out 01 19 43 03

4
in 01 14 36 26
out 01 14 41 16

in 01 05 36 05
out 01 05 38 17

in 01 14 44 06
01 14 56 23

in 01 05 51 11
01 06 02 22

8) V.O. tape #2 (Beach scene)

① "Still something had clearly changed...."
in 01 24 55 14
out 01 25 12 24 " ... loss "

② "One day, I don't know how long after...."
in 01 26 56 16
out 01 27 14 15 " ... just met "

③ "He said he'd call"
in 01 18 10 03
out 01 18 11 20

Reel 1

1) Lands End:

Sutro Baths against cliff
Cliff house view
Freeze Frame Walk

2) Apt. - white T shirt standing " " couch

Reel 2

Black T shirt chair

3) photo album

4) black T shirt sleeping on table

5) Beach walk way

6) Hots BARTH Quate

7) Yuerla Berra new Reel

8) Whose penis

9 City Scope

10) 1/ MCA undress lockers & mirror

Reel 3

- ✓ 1) 1/2 MCA - body detail red trunk ✓
- ✓ 2) " shower ✓
- ✓ 3) " pool ✓
- 4) Steam room
- ✓ 5) " dry off ✓

Reel 4

- ✓ 1) Apt + fire breez bronx
- ✓ 2) twister on Chair
- ✓ 3) bathroom
- 4) in bed
- ✓ 5) 2 thumbs 030 46

R 5

01:34 fire four
03:37 fire detail
02:05 Best Fire
and/or

- 6 Strip on couch
- 7 Ocean + sunset — est beach

"To Hold a Heart"

Music cues:

about 1) Main title: logo, title, credit (3 cards)
15 sec

1 min
14 sec
7 ft. 2) FROM last line in swimming pool
(come in under the line: "I repeated it like a mantra for the rest of my swim")
↓
TO cut to "waterfall"

1 min
35 sec
23 ft. 3) FROM end of Boy standing in front of waterfall last shot
of Boy sitting by lilly pad ~~"fountain"~~ pool
↓
TO - cut to Ocean

3 min
1 sec 23 ft. 4) FROM - walking away in YMCA locker room
↓
2 min
16 sec
12 ft. TO last image of film (walking away by beach doorway)
⇒ OR TO - cut to - 1st shot of ocean
(shorter)
(Maybe better) - let wind & surf sound carry the coda
U.O. to be added ↑

Second Record Section V.O.:

①

1) We emailed back + forth

T1 - 01 00 38 08

✓ T2 - 01 01 09 16

I wondered what he meant.

2) I told him that I need him - this up?

T1 - 01 02 00 13

✓ T2 - 01 02 15 08

✓+ T3 - 01 02 29 10

T4 - 01 02 47 17

T5 - 01 03 06 19

T6 - 01 03 20 11 best 'projection line

3) Ten months after meeting him

T1 - 01 03 49 13

T2 - 01 05 28 12 ✓+ until "Finally I got what

✓+ T3 - 01 06 02 15 (one little flaw)

* T4 01 07 48 16 good from Excitement

4) / first met him at a not so chane

T1 - 01 09 35 10 good till flub

T2 - 01 09 59 10

T3 - 01 10 05 29 ~~good~~ pu. (too speedy)

T4 - 01 11 08 08 good pu. too speedy at end

* T5 - 01 12 12 29 (fix pu.)

T6 - 01 13 34 08

5) Still, something had clearly changed

T1 - 01 14 43 22

T2 - 01 15 30 13

✓ T3 - 01 16 16 08

✓ T4 - 01 16 57 13

T5 - 01 17 37 25

✓ T6 - 01 18 27 28

* T7 - 01 19 07 02

T8 - 01 20 08 09 (slower!!)

* T9 - 01 20 26:04 (slower)

T10 - 01 21 11 19 (slow)

* T11 - 01 22 00 18

✓ T12 - 01 22 57 06

* T13 - 01 23 41 24

* T14 - 01 24 05 04 (silently pu)

best he said he'd call me

had 1st part

as if no attend

~~Oneday~~ ~~PU~~ Still something...

③

T15-01245518

~~★~~ ^{0 silently}
ONEDAY P.U.'S
T16 01253428

T17-01260706 ★★ (silently)

T18-01263127 ★ de sa

T19-01265616 ★★

T20-01272402 (faster)

T21-01275016 (faster)

“Besides intercourse....there is that other embrace, which is a motionless cradling: we are enchanted, bewitched: we are in the realm of sleep, without sleeping; we are in the voluptuous infantilism of *sleepiness*: this is the moment for telling stories...everything is suspended: time, law, prohibition: nothing is exhausted, nothing is wanted: all desires are abolished, for they seem definitively fulfilled.”

--from “A Lover’s Discourse”,
by Roland Barthes

“What is proposed then, is a portrait—but not a psychological portrait; instead a structural one which offers the reader [the viewer] a discursive site: the site of someone speaking within himself, *amourosly*, confronting the other (the loved object), who does not speak.”

---Roland Barthes

IMAGES: ⑥ G.G. PARK

- ① PLAYGROUND NEAR MY HOUSE → VAST EMPTY SPACE
- ② T'S ENTRYWAY → COMING OUT → CAR RIDE DOWN PINE ST.
- ③ FANTASY → TAKING OFF SKIRT; STRAWING TO UNBULITON PANTS → FAME OUT (BARW)
- ④ BEDROOM, ON BED
- ⑤ MONT FURSTON

JEANS

CARGO SHORTS

SAME SHOES

BLACK/WHITE T-SHIRT

ALL HATS

BLACK SWEATSHIRT

SELF-PORTRAIT PHOTO BOOK

15FP on

SHOTS:

- ① SITTING IN FRONT
OF FIREPLACE/FIRE
- ② HANDS/THUMBS
- ③ SITTING ON COUCH:
UNBUTTONING SHIRT,
TAKING IT OFF, PULLING
OFF T-SHIRT, UN-
BUTTONING JEANS
- ④ MIRROR SHOTS:
- BATHROOM
- BEDROOM
- ⑤ LYING ON BED,
UNDERWEAR, FEELS
DOWN, HEAD ON PILLOW,
FELT UP, HANDS
BEHIND HEAD

YERBA BUENA (JEREMIAH)

- ① INVERTED, MOSST SHIP IN THE GROUND
- ② MLK FOUNTAIN: BY JAPANESE SCRIPT, & THROUGH WATER
- ③ TOSsing LUCKY COIN INTO POOL (w/ BAMBOO PLANTS)
- ④ FOUNTAIN ON UPPER LEVEL, ON BECH, LOOKING OUT TO OLD CHURCH & JUKEBOX MARRIOT.
- ⑤ VIEW OF MOMA, OLD PALMELL BLDG. IN BACK
- ⑥ SCULPTURE OF GWI w/ MANY ARMS, HANDS
- ⑦ KID'S PLAYGROUND

YMCA

- ① POOL: → T. STANDING IN MIDDLE LANE AT EDGE OF POOL IN RED TRUNKS (WET FROM SHOWER), LOOKING AT HIM FROM BACK
→ LOOKING ACROSS POOL FROM OTHER END, SAME POSE, AT T. FACING ME FROM DISTANCE
→ T. SITTING ON EDGE OF POOL & SWIMMING IN POOL
- ② SAUNA
- ③ WATCHING AS T. WALKS LENGTH OF LOCKER ROOM TOWARD HIS LOCKER & TURNS DOWN AISLE (INTERIOR)
- ④ LOOKING DOWN AT T. SITTING ON BENCH & T. LOOKS UP AT CAMERA
- ⑤ SHOWER: COLLAGE OF SHOTS AS T. SHOWERS (ON STILLS)
→ LOOKING THROUGH FRAMED ENTRANCE TO SHOWERS AT T. SHOWERS (1st ROW OR 2nd)

TO HOLD A HEART

Images:

Taro:

- DEAD
TACK
- 1/ In red swimming trunks from back in center lane standing at edge of empty pool
 - 2/ At Ocean Beach at sunset (as well, shot of "black" birds flying in formation)
 - 3/ Land's End: dead trees, T. on path going down to beach, etc.; climbing over rocks on beach, Dorothy's house, etc. → *RUINS OF CLIFF HOUSE*
 - 4/ Collage of still photos / *BODY PARTS*
 - 5/ T. in front of fire at my house, sitting (from back), different poses, etc.
 - 6/ At my house: other shots: on couch, on bed (some "stills", different parts of body; other shots while in motion)
 - 7/ T's photo book or other work, hands turning pages
 - 8/ Hats: collage of face shots with different hats

→ IN SHOWER, (THRU
DOOR)

SAUNA,

LOCKER

ROOM

(FROM A

DISTANCE